



The Wedding Specialist, Pastor Schneider.

(Drawn by a Journal staff artist from a photograph.)

Marries Thousands

Pastor Schneider Has Joined Almost Sixteen Thousand Couples.

He Has Made Thirty-seven Loving East Side Couples Happy This Month.

He Has Also Presided at Seven Thousand Christenings, and He Never Preaches.

NEW YORK'S STRANGEST CLERGYMAN.

He Devotes His Entire Time to Making German Citizens Happy in This World and Introducing Them to the Next.

To have a romance grafted on every day of life is the lot of few men. Pastor Francis J. Schneider enjoys this unique distinction. The good pastor lives at No. 100 Second avenue, and is attached to no church. He is simply "the pastor of the East Side."

Men, women and children all know him. He has joined in the holy bonds of matrimony 15,700 couples in the twenty-seven years of his activity in this city. Through his services have been established more homes in this country, and particularly homes on the East Side, than through the services of any other fifty men combined. Certainly New York has much cause for gratitude toward him, for his proud census returns are due in no small extent to his ever ready willingness to make two hearts happy.

Day and night, morning, noon and evening, Pastor Schneider is always available as a blinder of the wedding tie. That there may be no excuse for late comers who desire his services, there is a night bell at the pastor's residence and a speaking tube through which, should the extraordinary emergency arise, where time was pressing so heavily that every minute's delay counted, the pastor could perform the ceremony. Few physicians in good practice have more night calls than "Doctor" Schneider.

His marriage record is the doctor's pride. He recently completed his thirtieth year, and found that between January, 1866, and January 1, 1896, he performed the wedding ceremony 720 times. In the present month of this year he has already joined thirty-seven brides to thirty-seven bridegrooms, and this at an average. The doctor came to this country from Germany in 1860, and besides the innumerable marriages he has performed, he has officiated at 6,542 christenings, and funerals almost without number. Altogether he is the busiest domestic in the city, or in any other city in the world, the matter of arranging for the introduction of human beings into this world and for their proper reception into the other.

Pastor Schneider, with his good wife, came from Darmstadt, Germany, four years after the close of the Civil War, and resided in Allen street, then a most respectable East Side thoroughfare, in which many of the best German families had their residence. Here he remained for twelve years, marrying and christening and burying. Then he removed to his present location on Second avenue, and there for the past fifteen years he has steadily pursued the work of building up the East Side. He is a jolly, fat, good-humored, ideal German pastor, with a fine, practical business mind, thanks to which he is, though without a church, in the receipt of a yearly income that is at once the envy and admiration of all his German fellow ministers. The pastor lives in an apartment on the ground floor of the Second avenue, for which he pays \$600 a year, about as much as most of his brethren receive as a yearly stipend. After landing here, he was temporarily installed in charge of a small church at Melrose, but he soon grew tired of that.

"They paid me \$700 a year," the pastor told me, with amiable scorn. "and they seemed to think I ought to be mighty glad to get that. So I resigned my pulpit with its princely emolument, and went into newspaper work, and making a specialty of marriages, christenings and funerals."

At the recollection the pastor with much complacency and evident pleasure, folded his fine white hands over his ample vest and stared into space.

"It grew, this marrying business, and soon I found myself so fully occupied in attending to weddings that there remained no time for newspaper work. Since then I have been Pastor Schneider of the East Side. I like to marry people. I think it is the highest function of the minister. Interesting stories? Oh, many, many

them. But I try to forget them. It is not the minister's business to remember all the secrets that come to him."

Just then the bell rang. Almost every time that that bell rings it means a new union of hearts, a fresh blending of souls. The alarm in this case was not misleading. And there was a romance.

A substantial-looking German was ushered in by Frau Pastorina, who always answers the door, her fine diplomacy and tact being a most useful aid to her husband.

"I wish to see Dr. Schneider," said the newcomer.

"I am Dr. Schneider."

"I have my business place just around the corner here in Sixth street, and I want you to go with me to Greenpoint to perform a marriage ceremony. Time presses."

"Why?"

"Because the man is on his death bed."

"It was dusk. The pastor's study was dimly lighted through the street windows that overlook Second avenue with its bustle and endless rush of life. The time and place invited to confidence. The occasion demanded it, and the caller told his story. It is his sister," he said, "who is married. Eleven years ago she ran away with a married man. He lived with her regularly for a time, but after while he returned to his wife. However, he continued to support her and was here at frequent intervals. My sister had three children, all of whom are now living, the eldest being nine. Three years ago the man's wife died and my sister importuned him to marry her. He refused. We had cast her off long ago, but at her solicitation I, too, went to this man after his wife died and asked him to make of my sister an honest woman. He sneered at me and I almost strangled him. But nothing we could do would change him."

"Now he lies dying his conscience has smitten him. The doctor says he may live two hours, perhaps. If he is single and fortunate, two days. Read what I have just received." He showed a telegram which read: "Franz is dying rapidly. Come at once. Bring a minister. He wants to marry me."

The good pastor bustled into his overcoat and the expedition to Greenpoint was begun, the stranger acting as guide, the reporter going as witness. In a tidy little apartment house in Greenpoint, up two flights of stairs, the pastor and his companion, in whose face the lines of care had not been able to stamp out entirely his fine native trustfulness and amiability. A mass of light blond hair was curled on her head. Her eyes were running with tears.

"Oh, brother," she exclaimed, as she caught sight of the man who had come for the pastor.

"Is he alive?" asked the brother.

"Yes," sobbed the little woman, "but the doctor says he is sinking fast and that he will not live through the night."

"Then let us hurry up," was the cold response.

Let by the woman, the visitors entered a white furnished bedroom, where, on a white iron bedstead, a man was lying, his head almost buried in the great pile of soft pillows. His eyes were closed, and, to all appearances, he was already dead. Beside him stood a bearded man, evidently the doctor, his fingers pressed on the sick man's pulse. "You must act quickly," the doctor said, "if you would act at all."

"But he does not seem even awake," protested the pastor.

"It will require a stimulant to rouse him," the doctor made answer, as he reached for the hypodermic syringe that lay close by on the mantel. He injected some substance into the man's arm, the syringe missed, the eyes started vacantly about, then came a flush of color and a gleam of intelligence. The sick man looked around feebly. He caught sight of the weeping woman and the shadow of a smile lit up his features. "Ah, Barbara, come," he murmured. The little woman was down on her knees beside the bed as an instant, and her head nestling close to the man's, her hand convulsively grasping the emaciated one that lay on the counterpane, all white, weak and helpless. Her sobs shook her body.

"Come, we must hurry. I have little time. I feel it." And again the smile came over the sick man's features. The pastor prepared for the ceremony, but he was interrupted by the sick man, who said suddenly and almost with startling emphasis, "No, the children; let the children be brought first. They shall be present."

"But," began the brother in a tone of protest, which was cut short by the dying man, who exclaimed petulantly: "I say the children. Bring them in." The blond woman started to her feet, but she was too weak, and she sank again to her knees. The brother thereupon passed out of the room and in a few moments returned with three children, two boys of perhaps six and nine and a little girl of three or four. They stared in open-eyed wonder and amazement for a few moments at the doctor, and then, at sight of their mother, weeping as if her heart would break, and in a moment they had flung themselves upon her, crying out bitterly.

The sick man watched them in silence for a few moments, then his eyes, too, became diffused with tears, the lids sank slowly, and to all appearances the breath went out of his body.

"Oh, Franz, Franz!" wailed the poor woman.

But Franz this time could not respond. It was several minutes before the physician could bring back the spark of life. Slowly the man's eyes unclosed again.

"Now, you must keep quiet, absolutely quiet, and hurry," cautioned the physician.

The children, still grouped about their mother, were crying louder than ever, but by a few soft words and a heavy, fearful caress, the woman succeeded almost instantly in quieting them. They could not stifle their sobbing entirely, but cried as well as they could, and after a few moments a perfect silence reigned in the room. The physician took up the sick man's hand

and laid it over the hand of the woman on the counterpane.

"Do you promise to take this woman for your wife?" the pastor's tones came only a little above a whisper. Even he, with all his romance was oppressed, for the pastor has a good, warm, sympathetic heart.

But there was no response. "Ask him again and speak louder," ordered the physician.

The question was repeated, this time in a sonorous tone, and the response came, hardly audible, "I do."

"Do you take this man to be your husband?"

"Yes, oh, yes." It was spoken in a convulsive, sobbing tone by Barbara.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife. What God hath joined let no man put asunder."

As the words were spoken Franz looked around once, then his eyes resting on the woman whom at last he had sighted, he passed away quietly, painlessly. Death was a guest at the marriage.

Barbara gave a convulsive scream, which was echoed by all three of her children. The pastor went to them. What he said we do not know, but it was a kindly, sharp outburst of grief, and whispering, "Come, we can do no more," he stole out, followed by the reporter.

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Shu's Toys Solid Gold

Costly Playthings for a Six-Months-Old Chinese Baby.

He Wears Curious Little Trousers and a Double-Breasted Coat of Many Colors.

Buttons of Gold Concealed Within the Folds of His Silken Costume.

HAS A WONDERFULLY GOOD TEMPER.

He Belongs to the Chinese Consul in This City—Will Be Taken on a Visit to the Orient in the Spring but Educated in America.

The youngest boy in trousers in New York is less than six months old. His name is Foo Kone Shu, and his playthings are solid gold. Shu's father is the Chinese Consul in this city.

The consulate is in West Ninth street. The spacious, old-fashioned parlor is furnished mainly with modern American furniture. A Brussels carpet covers the floor, four sofas line themselves up against the walls, and there are a number of American chairs. Around the mantel are some Chinese porcelains. Two quaint Chinese tables with seats curiously attached on either side, face each other, and there are several Chinese pictures.

The little Celestial is attractive in appearance, and is dressed with quaint piqueness. He is wonderfully good-tempered, too. Chinese children are not dressed in white, because white is the Chinese color for mourning, but with the exception of white, little Shu's costume shows almost every color of the rainbow.

For a short time he was, from necessity, dressed in American baby clothes, but as soon as a precious little trunk, on which the Consul was made to pay \$13.00 duty, came from China, the little chap was dressed as befitting a Consul's son.

He now holds his arms pretty stiffly, but there is reason for it, for he wears a couple of shirts and two coats of padded silk. The sleeves are small and close-fitting. The tiny upper coat is of pale silk, lined with pale blue, and is slit into conical little tails in the back. It is double-breasted and is held together by a series of orange-colored ribbons.

His trousers are in two separate pieces, one for each limb, and each trouser covers the foot as well as the ankle and thigh. They are made of wadded cotton, with a background of beautiful green, and with most gorgeous Eastern designs in yellow and pink. To fill the place of a shoe a sort of heavy black wool in several colors is tied around the ankles. The trousers are fastened to the red wadded by a series of orange-colored ribbons.

"Baba," with the "a" pronounced rapidly and indistinctly—is his pet name about the house, and the parents idolize him. He has not any American toys as yet, but he will when he gets a little bigger. His present playthings are far more than those of most American boys, for they are of solid gold. He has some little Chinese fig-

ures, of gold, and some tiny gold plates that he is expected to bite upon to help his teeth along. He has got some golden rings, too. There are no buttons showing on his clothing, but there are a number hidden among the folds, and they are all little round balls of gold.

Shu is already able to sit bolt upright. His arms are of a deep brown-black, and there is absolutely not a sign of the whites showing. His eyebrows slant markedly upward. His mouth is exceptionally small. His face is very dark.

For gold ornaments little Shu possesses some robes that are really grand. He has, too, a fine gold chain, with an immense

In July it is expected that his mother will take him with her on a visit to China, but he is to be brought back to this country to be educated. It is a lonely life, his parents lead here. They cannot well make friends among Americans, and there are no Chinese in the city of high enough social rank to associate with them. All of

the other Chinamen in the city come from the vicinity of Canton and Hong Kong, in the Province of Kwangtung, but the Consul is from Shanghai.

Mr. Wing, the interpreter, says the aristocracy of China is very exclusive. I am told, too, that when the Consul wishes a photograph of himself or his wife or child, he arranges for the exclusive use of the gallery, so as to in no way be stared at by outsiders.

Little Shu has already begun to take sips of tea and rice soup, made in Chinese fashion, and little crumbs of Chinese cake, for the entire cuisine of the consulate is Chinese.

FACED DEATH IN A CAB.

Sensations of an Engineer Who Thought His End Was Near.

How does a railroad engineer feel when he sees death a few feet ahead of him? What are his sensations when he believes that the next moment he will be crushed to atoms, buried alive, or perhaps slowly scalded to death?

Elmer E. Lacy, an engineer employed by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, is able to answer these questions.

Last Sunday morning when his train was rushing along through the darkness at a thirty-five-mile-an-hour clip, the engine plunged into the rear of a freight train in the Van Nest yards. Lacy's fireman was instantly killed. The engineer had a miraculous escape, getting off with a few bad flesh wounds.

In his modest but pretty cottage overlooking the railroad tracks at Woodside, where he is at present nursing his injuries, the engineer yesterday told of his thrilling experience.

"I had my hand on the throttle and was about to shut her off for the Van Nest station," he began, "when I saw the red lights of the freight a few yards ahead. I realized that something terrible was going to happen."

"Self-preservation did not occur to me. My first thought was for the safety of the people about the train. I made a great effort to realize my position and determine just what to do."

"I grasped the throttle and shut it and waited for I knew not what. Something struck me a heavy blow on the head, but it did not hurt me. I suppose my mental suffering at that instant was so much greater than any physical suffering could be that it did not hurt me. Then I was struck again by a flying splinter."

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that every time I was struck I felt it plainly, but, while the blows were severe, they did not hurt me. The worst feeling I had, which I thought I was losing consciousness. What would become of the train if I did? I felt dazed and wished that it might all be over soon."

"Then came a falling sensation. I knew I was being hurled out of the cab. That thought was terrible. Not for a moment did I think of death, or of the ordinary way that I should not die, and yet the thought did not please me. It seemed as if I was in the air about five minutes. I remember striking the ground, but I felt no sensation. The appearance of his sharp little nose has often broken up a party and caused them to run wildly from him, although his intentions were undoubtedly friendly. On one occasion two girls were rowing on the lake and Mr. Wolf, on shore and very afraid to land for several hours for fear of encountering the supposedly ferocious animal, which followed them along the bank to play with them.

It can be understood that Mr. Wolf makes a very valuable watch dog, or rather, watch wolf. His appearance on the scene always causes a tramp or beggar or book agent to leave without making more inquiries. His latest adventure was to conceal himself behind the pulpit of Mr. Pisek's church one Sunday morning. The services were well under way, when Mr. Wolf suddenly stepped out from his place of concealment and stood on the pulpit platform, facing the congregation. The terror of the laity lasted for several moments, during which Mr. Wolf, with much dignity, marched down the pulpit steps and through the aisle to the outer door.

Means of Escape.

Down in—Here comes Binkers. He's got a new bab, and he'll talk us to death.

Up on—He's a couple of neighbors of mine who has a dog. Let's introduce them to each other and leave them to their fate. Lou-

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The Chinese Baby Boy Who Plays with Solid Gold Toys.

(Drawn by a Journal staff artist from a photograph.)

Wolf a Pastor's Pet

Was Brought Up on a Bottle and is a Regular Church Attendant.

Always the Star Attraction at Fairs and Eats Candy with Relish.

The Terror of Tramps and Beggars, but a Favorite of the Children.

HAS TO AVOID CATS AND DOGS.

Once Caused a Sensation by Appearing in His Master's Pulpit During Services—Has Been Shot at in the Woods.

A wolf has crept into the fold of the John Hass Presbyterian Church, on East Seventy-fourth street. It has not come in sheep's clothing, but in a